MARBLE HILL, . . MISSOURI

THE late learned Dr. Barnard of Columbia college was a printer by

Mrs. CLEVELAND's Omaha property will sell for \$120,000, and is about to b realized on.

ALL domestic animals were fond of John Bright. He cared little for dogs and horses, however, but was greatly interested in cats.

In Henry George's tour through Scotland crowds meet him at the vari ous stations, cheer his glowing periods, and escort him to the train when he departs.

A FAMILY which claims the honor of being the heaviest in Kennebec county, Maine, is that of William Merrill of Gardiner. Mr. Merrill himself weighs 303 pounds, Mrs. Merrill 264, the eldest daughter 300, a younger daughter 260, and the only son 215-a total of 1,342

PATRICK EGAN, the new minister to Chili, has engaged passage on a Chilian steamer and will go to that country under the Chilian flag. He could have made better time and had more accommodations on an English vessel, but would not sail on any ship flying the British colors.

THE interest-bearing debt of the United States is now reduced to \$915,-000,000. Twenty-four years ago, at the highest point, it was \$2,381,000, -000. The reduction of five-eighths of the principal in a quarter of a century. and of the rate of interest to about onehalf of that originally paid, places the United States far ahead of any other country in its willingness and ability to pay its just debts.

THE New York Graphic says: Joseph Pulitzer is to be met out riding and walking these days, looking the picture of health, but wearing a pair of large green goggles. I, am told that the sight will never be restored to one of his eyes, but that his physician hopes for the retention of sight in the other through Mr. Pulitzer's restored health and strong constitution.

WHEN Sidney Smith settled preacher and farmer so many miles from a lemon he pitied the sorows of the domestic animals upon his farm, and arranged a timber on uprights so sloping that between one end, but a few inches from the ground, and the other, every animal from the smallest pig to the largest horse could find a point just right on which to scratch his back.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is one of the neatest men in the world of fetters," says Current Literature. "His study is as daintily ordered as a lady's oudoir and his dress is immaculate. He is rather un-American looking on the whole; dark, with heavy features and very deep eyes beneath drooping lids, but which light up wonderfully, as indeed the whole face does when he

THERE is a story told of W. D. Howells to the effect that on one occasion he attended a costume party wearing the conventional evening costume of the present, where every quest was required to appear in the dress of one of the characters in the novels of Scott. On being brought to book for this irregularity he justified his garb by the plea that he did represent one of the chief characters in Scott-the often-appearing "gentle reader."

CAPT. INGRAM, who was recently killed by an elephant in South Africa. some time before his death unwound the cere cloth of an Egyptian mummy. Inside he discovered a table which being translated, was found to pro phesy that the person who profaned the grave clothes would die a violent death within three months of his sacrilegious act and his bones be scattered to the winds. Within the prescribed time the threat or prophesy came

ACCORDING to the New York World, "it is said that C. P. Huntington, the rallway magnate and democratic newspaper publisher, always refrains from labor on Saturday and Sunday. This is not due to the fact that he has money enough to satisfy his greed, but that he has a strong religious vein running through his system. He is not certain whether Saturday or Sunday is the day appointed by divine deeree for rest, and so he observes

Or Sir Charles Russell's great speech in the Parnell case Labou marks: "1. It will place Sir Charles in the very first rank of English literature. 2. It will give the masses of this country, who, as a general rule don't possess libraries and would not read them if they did, their first real insight into Irish history. 8. It will carry home rule. Furthermore (salways home rule. Furthermore (but a possibility that it may present upon the commissioners."

A WASHINGTON -letter to the New by the children of

MARBLE HILL PRESS. IL Sourire and Mr. Sarragar.

ly, many years ago, ti with the words "Chan

thought Tante Micot from he opposite. That sign required espection, and the old woman the acknowledged leader amon mators of news in the faubourg the dimensionators of news in the naucourge, and almost as potent a factor thereof as "L'Abeille" itself, stepped out upon the banquette and regarded the notice attem tively. No, she was not mistaken; she tively. No, she was not mistaken; she was no scholar, but the words were plain enough; she read distinctly in French ns to let, with or without board to

ingle gentlemen."
"Un possion" that was news indee Tante Micot hurried home, put on her sun bonnet, snatched up her basket and took ort cut in the direction of the Free narket. "Que pensez vous!" she whispe the met; "I have news this morning the bead. Madame Autoine, the proud Madame Joseph de St. Antoine, is going to keep a 'pension'! Just to think of it!—to rent out those beautiful old rooms, with all their rich carvings and furnishings! and this is

what puzzles me most," continued the irre-pressible Tante Micot, "it will be a pension for single gentlemen."

"Ah!" A dozen shoulders were shrug-ged, a dozen hands were lifted in a way which might express genuine surprise, holy horror, unqualified protest, or each and all of these combined. "On!" "wester. and all of these combined. "Qui," persisted the voluble Tante Micot, growing bolder, "for single gentlemen only!"
"Perhaps," timidly suggested one, "she

wishes to marry her daughter."
"Bah! as though a vieux Creole like Madame Antoine would stoop to such means of getting rid of her daughter. Besides, Mademoiselle Fillette was a fliette no longer; she was past 30, and the faubourg had long decided that she was to remain a 'vieux fille;' she was growing very plous, too, of late; perhaps she would

one day enter a convent."

'Maybe the madame, who is better look ing than her daughter, wishes to get married herself," whispered another wiseacre
"Mon Dieu! as though madame would

ever let any man take good Monsieur Joeph's place. Did he not make her promise him on his deathbed never to think of such a thing, and that if she broke her word he would rise from the grave with long, long bony fingers-so long-and shake them at her rebukingly by night and by day." Tante Micot crossed herself devoutly,

She had an intimate acquaintance with ghosts, for had not several appeared to her in the dead of the night with news as to the fate of many of the departed ones of the faubourg! Good Mr. Joseph was keeping guard, she assured them. Madame would never marry. That supposition was no so. lution of the mysterious "Mene, Mene, Thekel, Upharsen! single gentlemen" on the sign that floated from the St. Antoine

Zozo could tell! Zozo, who now constituted herself portress, cook, lady's maid and general housekeeper to Madame, who knew the secrets of the St. Antoine family for generations back, and whom gentle sussion or a well timed flattering comment upon her fidelity might induce to satisfactorily ex-Tiens! there she was coming in he faded blue calico, her bandana handkerchief tied in a picturesque tignon, and looking so genteel and respectable, despite her black face, that even Tante Micot hesitated befor putting the question that agitated her mind erning. But Zozo passed haughtily on with the indignant rejoinder "that Madame's affairs were hot those of the voisinage.'

Good, faithful Zozo! She has had her antitype in many others of post bellum times, who have followed bravely the brok en fortunes of masters and mistresses, with fidelity all the more touching and beautiful because altogether unexpected in their bow many resources had been exhausted how many sleepless nights had been passed now many plans discussed and laid aside as s.together impracticable, and how many tears shed ere hanging from the front gal noxious sign. "Chambres a louer." then sympathy and charity that lives, even though dormant in the depths of every woman's heart, have awakened from slum er, unfolded its white wings, and held up before the spirit of inquisitiveness the beau tiful mantle of unobtrusive respect and ten der regard for the feelings of those upor m the crushing weight of misfortunes

has fallen. But when did Tante Micot and her boso friends pause to consider indelicacy, intrusiveness, etc., and angry that the affairs of the St.Antoine household should have furnished food for discussion in the market, Zozo vented her displeasure by quarrelin with the butcher, declaring to her vegetable endor that the stock was unfit for use and astonishing that prosise individual by the un-Zozo-like proceeding of refusing the customary soup bunch "lagniappe" she was wont to solicit as a means of economizing in her market expenditures.

She returned along the busy thoroughfares heedless of the importunities of ven-dors, insensible to bargains that at another would have aroused all her ingenuity in closing a satisfactory one, fighting her rebellious thoughts against the world in general, and striving to put in practice the advice good Pere Francois gave her at her last confession, when her attention was suddressed gentlemen regarding the sign which had been the cause of all her sorrow that morning. They expostulated with each other, and finally crossing over, one of them lifted the brazen knocker. Zozo hur-

"Pardon, monsieur; but it was too early an hour; Madame was not yet up; if they would leave their cards she would take them up on the silver salver with Madame's coffee; they could call later in the day and

"There," she ejaculated to herself, "it is well to let folks know at once that Madame is a lady, that she can rise when she chooses and that she still has a servant to chooses and that she still has a servant to bring her her morning coffee on a silver salver; with a decided emphasis on the silver; and forgetful of the sacrifices that had been endured rather than part with that family relic, she inwardly compliment-ed herself, when Tanto Micot was not around, upon her sbility to air the family pride, even though they did have to rent that heat reems.

of the numerous cafes, or if preferable Zone whom Madame assurred them could cook in the real Parisian style, would for a took in the real parameter to prepare them.

This latter arrangement suited them to a nicety and the following day they took up their abode in the St. Autoine household.

nicety and the following day they took up their abode in the St. Antoine household. Tante Micot from her little window oppo-site took note of the minutest detail of the transfer of lodging. She could tell you to the exact figure how many books Mr. Sar-razar possessed, how many dishes Mr. Sour-ire ordered for his dinner. She soon sati-ated the curiosity of the Latin quarter in information that Mr. Sourire was a Creole who had spent most of his life abroad; he was short, stout, of ample dimensions, which suggested further expansion; he was an epicure, a bon vivant, a connoisseur of

her lips, and above all, a boon companion.
"He had made about thirty years, n nore, no less," she said with a shrug of her shoulders; "he received regular remit-tances from his Grandpere Sourire who lived in France, and raised his proboscis nigh in the air whenever America was men

Mr. Sarrazar was a Frenchman from the where he first met Mr. Sourire. A Damo and Pythias friendship sprang up betwee hem which remained so staunch during any years, that abroad as well as at hom it was impossible to mention the name of Sourire without its complement Sarrazar, Mr. Sarrazar was tall, thin and angular; he was exceedingly polished and distinguished n his bearing, fond of poetry and music, levoted to the arts and sciences, and a great favorite with the ladies. He had not pros-pered well in his profession, being romantic rather than practical; but his friendship with Mr. Sourire relieved him of many emparrasments in solving the problem of ex Souriro's well filled wallet was ever at his ervice; he loved good wine and cigars, Mr. Sourire kept him well supplied; he doted on French cooking, Mr. Sourire kept a French

In return for all this Mr. Sarrazar was an excellent talker, an acquisition to any table, and above all he had the excellent and rare faculty of being able to keep Mr. Sourire constantly amused; so that when ever, by mere chance, he would hint at the necessity of applying himself more assidu ously to his profession in order to increase his worldly store, Mr. Sourire, rich and independent, with abundant time on his hands, horrified at the bare possibility of spending his evenings alone, would pat him

on the shoulder and say:
"Mon ami, what is mine is yours; I shall never marry; when I die I shall make my

So they lived their easy-going life, frequenting the theatre together, because Mr. Sarraur loved music and Mr. Sourire did not object; visiting the ladies, because the former a lored them and the latter enlured them; and having good suppers to gether, because here Mr. Sourire was in ment and Mr. Sarrazar by no means out of his.

friends, each so apparently necessary to the happiness of the other, that Mr. Sar razar, who claimed to be a psychological student and investigator maintained the encory that centuries ago the two families and the Sourice was the re-incarnation of some dead and gone Sarrazar, and Sarrazar, vice versa, of some long departed Sour

Tante Micot knew all about it: the ger emen on the other side of the street were to her a most interesting study and prolific theme of conversation.

No. Mme. Antoine had no designs upon them, that was sure; perhaps good Mr. Joseph kept his word (seeing she kept genby day or night; certain it was she kept her room closely, leaving the gentlemen almost entirely to the care of Zozo: and as they oald their board regularly, with often an additional dollar or two from Mr. Sourire when a dish was particularly agreeable to his well-cultivated palate, many a little luxury did madame have on the table from the admirable economy of the careful old negress, and many a contribution to the "orpheline" found its way to the old St. Augustine convent where Mademoiselle Fielltte had at length secluded herself.

Ten years passed, and still Messrs Sourire and Sarrazar lived on in single pleasedness, enjoying the good things of life and giving little thought to else. The matrons of the faubourg had long given up hope of being able to secure either as an eligible party for their daughters, and they at length became generally spoken of as "les deux vieux garcons, Sourie and Sarrazar." This pleasantry displeased the delicate sensibility of the latter, but it amused the former and gratified his vanity as an acknowledgment of his oft reiterated assertion that he was invulnerable to the

charms of the fair sex.
"Take care, Mr. Sourire, take care," said an old Creole lady to him. "I have heard men speak that way before; mais, dans les affaires du cœur, l'homme propose, Dieux

Mr. Sourire could not have told exactly how it happened; for that matter neither could Mr. Sarrazar. They had been on a lengthy hunting expedition, and returning home late one evening they noticed that the large house on the opposite side of the street, which had been vacant so long, was no longer unoccupied; flowers in pota bloomed radiantly on the varanda, delicate lace curtains were draped gracefully aside and tied with bright ribbons; a rich voice floated over the way trilling some gay Spanish bacarolle, and Mr. Sarrazar, ever susceptible to the impressions of the beau-tiful, stood entranced before the door of his lodgings, while Mr. Sourire, flattering himself that he was only waiting for his

friend, paused, too.

Then the voice ceased; a soft step was heard, and there upon the gallery stood the most bewitching creature that each gentleman instinctively acknowledged he had ever seen. She smiled sweetly to herself; her teeth were like pearls, her lips remind-ed one of the roses in springtime; one quick eyes, and she gracefully turned and re-entered the house, closing the casement after

endy."
"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. So responded Mr. Sarrasor; and each man inwardly resolved to make the

Strange to say, neither intentions of the other. Mr. So accustomed to seeing his companion admir-ladies, and that self-complacent individual secure in his own dashing address and finesse, never dreamed of bulky, phietor Mr. Sourire as a possible rival. They m the widow shortly after at a reunion the widow shortly after at a reunion, and after that matters progressed rapidly. Together they visited the object of their mutual admiration; together they discussed her manifold graces. Mr. Sarrasar sang ove songs to her and read Corneille, Raciue, Lamartine, etc. Mr. Sourire feted her, purchased opera tickets for the trio, and cante flower by Mr. Sarrasar who and sent her flowers by Mr. Sarrazar, who mistaking his friend's deep interest in the widow as an approval of his own individual suit, gladly presented them. In fine, the other beaux of the faubourg, deeply amit-ten and jealous, seeing but little hope, gradually fell out of the race and agreed to let the two "vieux garcons" run the gaunt

Which did she prefer! That puzzled the busy brain of Tante Micot. Now she laughed and blushed at Mr. Sourire's wellmeaning compliments, again her bosom heaved, her lips quivered and the tears glistened on her long cyclashes as Mr. Sar-razar quoted some touching piece of poetry, assuming a dramatic attitude and letting his eyes speak what his lips would fain ex press, but for the presence of Mr. Sourire And Mr. Sourire, heart and soul absorbe in contemplation of the widow, dreamed not of the havoc Sarrazar was making with

her heart. Oh! if he only possessed some of his friend's address and volubility; if he had given half the attention to poetry and music that he had bestowed upon the brands of imported wines. But then Sar-zar was his bosom friend; never a thought they had not shared till the advent of the widow; silence should exist between them no longer; he would confide in that faithful eart that night and ask his help.
"Sarrazzar," he said, as he puffed away

light streamed into the apartment, "do you ot notice a change in me lately!" "Yes," answered his friend, "you are

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Sourire; the subject of his increasing corpulency disturbed him greatly. "I mean—I mean—" "Now what do you mean!" said Mr. Sar-

razar laughingly.
"This, my friend," coming up softly his side and placing his hand upon his shoulder. "I'm in love; dreadfully, terribly

in love." Mr. Sarrazar roared with laughter. "In love with whom, pray!"
"With the widow," sala Mr. Sourire, no

oticing that his friend had risen angrily from his seat, "and as you know how to do things so gracefully, Sarrazar, I want you to carry her a proposal from me, and to lead my suit,
"Au diable!" exclaimed Mr. Sarrazar,

starting fleroely toward him and bringing his fist down fiercely upon the table. "Nev er, sir; do you hear me! I say nevair! and he bounded from the room.

"Mon Dieu," said Mr. Sourire, "what

can be the matter with Sarrazar! He has taken too much wine and it has gone to his head. Humph! I'll not ask him again. I'll write a note to the widow and send it by Zoro in the morning."

Mr. Sarrazar paced his apartment agitated by many conflicting feelings; "that Sourire should have dared aspire to the What presumption! What audae e must anticipate him and send a proposal in the morning," and midnight found the two gentlemen each similarly engaged in inditing a missive to the that would settle their respective claims mediately and forever.

"Zozo," said Mr. Sourire, as that individual brought him his morning cup of coffee, "you see that note on the table; after oreakfast take it to the widow across the street; and, Zozo, here is a dollar to buy

"Oul, monsieur; merci, monsieur." That dollar won't never buy Zozo a dress; it would get madame several dainty dishes or

"Zozo," said Mr. Sarrazar, as she await od his pleasure while he sipped leisurely his cup of "la goutte," "you have received no orders from any one this morning?" Wise and discreet Zozo! She promptly

"Non monsieur." Then, Zozo, you have always been so good, here are a few sous for you, and you will take that note on my toilet stand to nadame over the way and await an an

"Oh! ye widows!" Samuel Weller says. beware of them; for while you are cogi tating in your mind whether you will have they have you."

This dainty little creature perused the rival notes and burst into a merry laugh which was followed by a perplexing frown She read the notes again; this time she sighed over Mr. Surrazar's and pressed it to her lips, but she read Mr. Sourire's a third time; surely his fortune was very large, and yet—ah! if she had but listened to her heart, that unfalling monitor in the breast of every woman. But she was a born coquette; she had been equally civil to both; it amused her, she would prolong the

agreeable sport, A bright idea struck her; the festival o the "pad-god" was drawing nigh; her wo-man's ingenuity suggested a method of settling the dilemma with glory to herself. She wrote a similar note to each asking him o attend her reception that evening.

Zozo knew something was wrong. the first time since the gentleman had rent ed the rooms she had been asked to carry separate note from each to the same person; hitherto one message had sufficed for both; and her surprise wa increased when she received orders that henceforth each would have his meals served in a separate apartment. But she was a wise domestic and refrained from comment upon these remarkable proceed-

That evening the two gentlemen, dresse with unusual care and attention, met on the grand stairway leading up to the widow' pariors. They glared fiercely at each other sinty feet were pattering measured strains of entiring

And Mr. Source,

faubourg over the coming festives as great a holiday in that early the was an immense wooden bird made houtspread wings. It was carried from se to bouse of the most prominent persons by a gentleman specially designated.
This mission was considered a great honor,
for each belle demoiselle before whom he
presented himself pinned her own favorite proliminary ceremony was concluded there was not a spot upon it that was not concealed by a gay streaming ribbon. It was the largest and most wonderfully plum-aged bird imaginable. It was then carried to a large, open space, where a tournament took place. The gentleman who shot the on off the left wing in a particular spot

carried off the honors.

Mr. Sourire was keenly sensible of the honor conferred upon him as he presented himself before the widow. Was there ever ne so bewitchingly provoking. nable the daintiest sky-blue ribbon jus ball must strike for the wing to fall; and then her beautiful eyes shone like the stars, then glistened with tears, as she bade Mr. Sourire remember all that was at stake and be sure and bring the ribbon

Oh! that last sweet glance from the widow's eyes! Never again, Mr. Sourire, will they sparkle for you! You may prac-tice target shooting all day in the old Place d'Armes! If you only knew that in an empty lot not many squares distant Mr. Sarrazar has had a "pad-god" male, a fac simile of the one to be shot at on the tournanent day, and that just over the left wing the widow herself has pinned a knot of blue ribbon, and that from morn to eve he takes careful aim at it until not once does he fail o hit the mark.

Will old time residents ever forget that memorable day when the beauty of the faubourg assembled in the old Place 'Armes, and Madame, queen of a charming bevy of girls, and younger herself than many of them, stood in their midst upon a throne erected for the purpose, bowing graciously smiling to right and left! Mor after another the gallent marksmen came was fairly riddled with bullets; sometimes ed so well that her heart almost ceased to beat, and again their random

nots excited her risibilities. Poor Mr. Sourire had long retired in disgrace, his shot ranging far from the mark; and now Mr. Sarrazar, who was the last to enter the lists, pale and excited, came for ward, and raising his rifle, took a steady "Bang!" Madame, as white as a aim, ghost, leaned upon her chair for support, velled her eyes with her hands, and perhance she gave a whispered prayer to good St, Hubert that her champion might be sucessful. "Bang!" the aim had been an unerring one, the blue ribbon fluttered in the roeze, the wing fell broken and helpless to the groung. Cheers resounded, handker-chiefs waved, bouquets were showered up-

on him. Mr. Sarrazar, flushed and jubilant, picaed up the bit of ribbon, pressed it to his lips, pinned it above his heart, and pro-ceeding to the throne, threw himself upon

his knees, saying:
"Madame, behold your slave; he awaits

A dainty, trembling hand is laid in his; a oft voice, in which there are hidden joyous tears, bids him rise, and to the strains of martial music king and queen and court proceed to the banqueting halls, where fountains murmur low, and music and merry laughter bid the joyous hours fly. A few days after, as a sequel to the holiday, Mr. Sarrazar and the widow were married and went on an extended tour abroad, and the purper rue Royale, after discussing it as a nine days' wonder, settled down to its usual quiet tenor of existence.

Mr. Sourire, filled with chagrin, yet too proud to show it, became if possible gayer and fonder of the cases than ever. One norning about two years after the memora to call and see if the two were the ble event, which was the only romance in his pleasure-loving life, he saw the announcement in the morning paper that Mr and Mrs. Sarrazar had returned from abroad and taken up their residence in the fau-

ourg. What memories the old names awakened. Tiens! it might have all been agreeably settled, for there were other women just as beautiful as Madame, and he would not have objected to signing her marriage contract if his friend Sarrazar had only asked him to be present at the wedding. Bah, he grew very red in thinking of it; after thirty years of faithful friendship, not even a bit of pasteboard announcing that he was married; that was an insult Mr. Sourire could not brook; his heart had been wounded but his

pride still more.

The Sarrazars might live opposite till judgement day; he would never speak to them. A rap at the door interrupted his reverie: a serving man entered and handed him a note. It was from Sarrazar, he knew the writing well; it alluded to their early and almost life-long friendship, regretting their unfortunate rivalry and asking for a renewal of friendship. It was hard to give up an old associate whose every thought he had shared, even though one did get a handsome wife. It wound up by asking him to stand godfather to a youthful Sarrazar, born abroad, but whose baptism had been deferred in order that his father's old

friend might act as sponsor.

"Mais, ca c'est l'effronterie!" exclaimed Mr. Sourire; "quelie insolence! to ask me to stand godfather to his child, when he did not have the politeness to ask me to the wedding! No, sir, you tell your master, nevaire! that I tear his note in two and send it back to him! that I send him my glove, and fling it in his face, and that if he is a gentleman he will know how to

answer!"

They met the next morning in the old Piace d'Armes, the famous dueling ground of New Orleans. The seconds gave the word. Mr. Sourire aimed straight at Mr. Sarrazar, but the latter fired his shot in the

"What do you mean?" said the former "by shooting that way."
"I took a bad aim," said Mr. Sarrazar. Again the word was given to fire, and Mr. Sarrazar turned deliberately about and fired his shot into the street.
"Coward!" exclaimed Mr. Sourire; "he

knows that a gentleman cannot take ad-vantage of his opponent when he fires in that style."

corward and extending his hand, "you mow very well that I can kill you if I shoose. But I do not wish to. Let us forget our unfortunate difference! There is my hand. Let us be friends."

rms coolly; "when you are ready to meet the like a man and a gentleman and not he a coward, I am at your service."

nce again the words range out

night he broke into a merry length.

"Ah! Zozo," be said, rec roice, "Je pense a des canarde et es pates de foie gras ! comm Dieu! for a man to be thinking o ates de foie gras and ducks stewed with turnips when he was dying." Zozo was orrified. "Good Mr. Sourire, try to think

"Ah! Zo:o, I will miss my old rire was certainly delirious. All during that night Zon watched at his bedside, rhile Mr. Sarramr paced restlessly to and fro in the adjoining rosm. Toward ing the sick man sprang up in his bed with a look on his face that his nurse knew too "Zozo, Zozo, run quick, call Mr. Sarrazar; tell him I wish to speak to him."

In an instant the latter was at his Don't cry, old friend, it was all an affaire d'honneur. You could never help being t good shot! I admire your skill; the doctor said it was the neatest wound he ever saw. But I want to tell you that I forgive you, and as a proof of it, I want you to name your boy Sourire Sarrarar.'

A terr fell upon the coverlet; their hands clasped in friendship, and ere morning dawned Mr. Sourire had passed from the visible to the invisible world.

It was found after his death, strange to record, that he had never revoked his for-mer will, but bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to Mr. Sarrazar. There was a yearly pension for Zozo, and down at the ottom of the testament a curious codicil, willing Tante Micot a thousand francs year, on condition that on the expiration of hat period it could not be proven against her that she had gossipel or pried into her eighbor's affairs.

Mr. Sarragar was an open enemy to duelng from that time. He used every effort to have the code condemned by the laws of the state. When asked the cause of his opposition he would lead you to grave and say: "Their lies my best friend whom I killed in an affaire d'honneur.' other answer was needed .- Marie L. Points New Orleans Picayune.

She Lost Her Garter. ·Lost - Elastic garter (black-andwhite), with silver buckle, near Clark and Washington streets. Please return to - State street and get re-

ward." Such was the advertisement that a Mail reporter happened to light upon the other morning.

Curious to see how the owner would eccive the finder should the discoverer prove to be a man, the wicked reporter called at the address given and asked for the young lady who had recently been separated from a portion of her wearing apparel.

In answer to his query a pretty young blonde came sailing toward him, with a smile on her lips and a bright bit of color in her checks.

Just behind her stood a group of girls, their eyes sparkling with a keen appreciation of the humorous side of the situation. "Angels and ministers of grace de-

ly frightened reporter on catching sight of this formidable array. When the fair and blushing blonds had approached she was asked:

fend us!" cjaculated the now thorough-

"Are you the young lady who los her-er-er-"Yes," was the reply, "and here i the mate to it," producing a large garter similar to the one described in the

"Well, I represent a friend," said the reporter, "who found an article ery much resembling this one. friend, however, is too diffident to present himself in person, and asked me

Same." "This one," he continued, "seems to be an unusually large one, and I think is much wider than the one my friend found."

"Oh, this one has been stretched more, that is all, eagerly responded the blonde. "You see this one goes on my right-"

"I didn't catch that last," said the reporter, innocently bending forward and preserving a grave face. "What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," said the blonde, blushing furiously, "except that this one is more elastic than the other, which makes the difference in their size."

"How did you come to lose it?" said the reporter, gently toying with the silver buckle.

"It just slipped off, I reckon."

"Slipped off, did you say?" "No, I didn't mean that. I mean the buckle became unfastened and it dropped off."

"Is it customary," pursued the reporter, after a respectful interval of silence had followed, "for ladies to decorate their persons with such costly articles as these?"

"Oh, I didn't buy them," replied the blonde, "You see, they were given to me by a young-. Look here, I'm busy. I can't talk to you any longer, and if you will tell your friend to bring that around here I will give him a reward."-Chicago Mail.

Modifying the Prescription. A friend of mine laid down the medical law the other day. He said the first thing a doctor finds out when you send for him is your pet taste, habit, article of diet or beverage. Then he orders you to stop it. If you aren't a very big patient you have got to do it. But, said my friend, I know a man

consulted his physician. "Stop drinking whisky!" said the doctor. "Is it as serious as that?" asked the man, in alarm.

who was a little stell the other day and

"Yes, it is." They had a bottle of wine, a fine elgar, and a long chat, and the doctor ecame very agreeable. When he got up to go the patient said:

"I wish there was something than whisky I could stop. You see "Well-I don't know," said the doc

"Lemme see. Do you est but-"You."

The reputed origin of ny. At the town of Me spring of a certain year feudal ages, as Reter chur heing held, which was pe not only by thetowns folk but by p came riding into the town a feudal lord of great renown, who brought with him from Munich a quantity of light beer, which he praised very much. As the fair the people were drinking a dark beer, which the lord looked upon with

disdain. After much discussion upon the rel-ative merits of the light and dark beer a wager was laid, to be decided the following year when fair time should come around again. Each side was to brew a quantity of its favorite beer, and by a practical test it was to be ascertained how many mugs of each could be drank before making the drinker drunk. The beer that would make the man drunk first was to be aw. rded the palm.

At the next Easter fair the contest ants sat down together in the presence of a vast concourse to decide the wager. the lord drinking the dark-brown beer of the town and one of the lustlest of the Nurembergers drinking the lord's light beer. A citizen kept tally of the number of mugs emptied by each. The lord soon became hilarious and was finally exalted to a state of roaring intoxication long before his rival began to feel the effects of the light been Accordingly the dark beer was declared the winner of the contest and the towns people sung the praises of their favorite

While the people were still assembled young goat, which is known in Germany as a buck or book, broke into the space where the drinkers were sitting and rushing between the legs of the befuddled lord threw him flat on his back, where, such was his condition, he was compelled to lie till he was picked up. From this circumstance comes the name of the dark-brown beer which still comes at Easter time.

Another legend is to the effect that the Jesuit monks were accustomed to hold a feast in the spring, at which they slaughtered a young goat or bock. To drink with this they brewed a dark, sweet beer which was considered a delicacy and which, whon it became known outside of the monasteries, was hailed with delight by the people, and under the name of book beer became an established institution. - Chicage Times.

Forest Restoration.

Systematic planting on a national scale must wait, and will be sure to wait, until the little remnant of our forests shall be administered economically, and at such a profit on costs of exportation as will justify the outlay required to cover costs of replanting. but meantime millions of acres of deduced forest land may be preserved from the destruction of its soil by fire, or its erosion by water, for the trifling cost of collecting and scattering the seed of ir their surface. The winds and the birds annually redeem thousands of acres in this way, and we need only opin our eyes to the importance of their labors, to realize how much may be done in the same way by systematic intelligent effort.-Forest and Stream.

She Hated Monotony. "Maude," he said, with a quivering quaver in the vowel sounds - "Maude,

three weeks ago to-night I usited you to marry me. "You did."

"And you said 'No." "That was my answer."

"Two weeks ago to-night I aske you the same question.' "I remember."

"And you made the same reply."

"I did." "A week ago I asked you to be my wife and you said 'No' again." "Yes."

think the matter over and I called to see whether you had arrived at any other conclusion." She reflected a moment and then said

"You have had another week to

gently: "Harry, I recognize the fact that each time I have answered you in precisely the same way. There has been nothing in my replies so far to relieve the similarity." Then after another

pause she said still more softly : "Harry, I should hate very much to be considered monotonous. And Harry didn't wait for any fur-

ther answer. - Merchant Traveler

Little Dick's Report. Little Dick-"Mamma, that new doctor across the way asked me who was our family physiciau." Mamma-"Well, dear, we are never

sick, thank Heaven, and we have no The New Doctor (next day) - "Well, my little fellow, did you find out the name of your family physician?"
Little Dick-"We don't have one, and we are never sick."-New York

Choose Well Your Doctor. Sweet Girl-"What did you give nama for her cold?"

Her lover (a young physician)-Oplum. She won't bo night"-New York Weekly.

Why She Left Him New Yorker—"is that story about a Kansas City bride sloping with a missrable, dirty Digger Indian true?"

Kaones City Man -"Yes. She left has husband within a week, and is now

ter husband within a week, siving with asymptotic "flow is it accounted for?" "Wall, I don't know, of somey opinion is that the white more. Indian mover &